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Deep in the inmost closet of his breast,
Thy child, great Sire! shall lock each
high behest,
And then, with holy awe, shall ever guard,
Thy love, his hope, his glory, and reward.

Who knows the wanderings of the va-
grant mind,
What power can seize them, or what wis-
dom find?

Do thou, O Lord! each imperfection blot,
Nor leave the vestige of a single spot,
Which Sin or Error, with insidious art,
Stamps on the tablet of th' unguarded
heart,

From Pride's dominion arrogant and dire,
Preserve the kingdom of my breast entire,
And save, O save me! from each sinful
care,
From passion's impulse and temptation's
snare.

These warm effusions of a heart sincere,
Author of good, my God, my father, hear!
Whate'er my tongue imperfect has ex-
prest,

Whate'er the thoughts revolving in my
breast,
Tower of my safety, and thou God of
love,

Receive propitious in thy realms above.
March, 1809.

SELECT POETRY.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
SOCIETY FOR REVIVING THE IRISH HARP.

OH had I liv'd when Ossian sung
Old Erin's sons renown'd in story;
While o'er his harp the warriors hung,
And caught the kindling flame of glory!
Or when around the festive board
That cheer'd the chiefs in Tara dwelling,
The Bard, the tide of music pour'd
With Joy and grief alternate swelling:

*May thoughts like these our bosoms cheer,
As round we pass the bowl of pleasure;
And may the ever-circling year,
Again renew the blissful measure.*

Yet though within the narrow cell,
The fathers of the song are sleeping,
And o'er the scenes they loved so well,
Oblivion's silent rusts are creeping;
Once more revives the sound of arms,
The tale of Love, the note of Sorrow,
And every strain that once had charms.
A softer tone from time shall borrow.

May thoughts, &c.

When sound your Harps, ye bards of old,
Who sung, when Erin was a nation,
What ear so dull, what heart so cold,
But echoing thrills in sweet vibration?

Instruct thy sons of latter days,
To catch some portion of thy spirit,
For, oh! when best the song they raise,
Though their's the crown, yet your's
the merit!

May thoughts, &c.

Your's is the spell that crowns the bowl,
With joy while every eye is lighted;
And your's the beam that lights the soul,
By nature's rigid law benighted.
For though no dawn of day appear,
To hail the sightless child of sorrow;
You teach them from the rap'ur'd ear,
A new created bliss to borrow.

May thoughts, &c.

And your's the voice to charm us here,
In social brotherhood unite us;
And your's to bid the unborn year,
To scenes like this again invite us.
From tongue to tongue shall memory dwell
On tales of Erin's ancient glory,
And minstrels yet unborn shall tell
To wond'ring worlds the matchless story.

May thoughts, &c.

SONG, ON THE SAME OCCASION.

AIR—"KITTY TYRREL."

LAST Minstrel of Erin how sweetly thy
finger

In strains of wild melody sweeps o'er the
strings,
While each lengthen'd vibration seems
slowly to linger,
And say "tis the genius of Erin that sings."
Our hearts wildly thrill with extatic emu-
tion,

As ravish'd we list to thy heavenly strain,
Thy wild notes would tame the rude spirit
of ocean,
And make the poor captive forget all his
pain.

And shall then thy warm earnest pray-
er be rejected?

Shall the song of the Minstrel be suffer-
ed to die?

No! the Harp, of Ierne no longer neglected,
Shall again draw a tear from the patriot eye,
For Belfast still contains a few generous
spirits,

That burn to revive "the sweet song of
the bard,"

All who see their exertions, shall speak
of their merits,

And honour unfading shall be their reward.

SONG.

FROM THE SELECTION OF IRISH MELODIES BY
SIR JOHN STEPHENSON, MUS. DOCT. AND
THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

AIR—"BLACK JOKE."

SUBLIME was the warning which Li-
berty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spa-
niards awoke,

Into life and revenge from the conquer-
or's chain !
Oh Liberty ! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves
of the west,
Give the light of your look to each sorrow-
ful spot,
Nor Oh ! be the shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the olive
of Spain.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with
their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home
its delights,

If deceit be a wound and suspicion a
stain ;
Then ye men of Iberia, our cause is the
same,
And oh ! may his tomb want a tear and
a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's
breath,
For the shamrock of Erin, and olive of
Spain.

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers
resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among
strangers to find
That repose, which at home, they had
sigh'd for in vain ;
Breathe a hope that the magical flame
which you light,

May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as
bright,
And forgive even Albion, while blushing
she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long slight-
ed cause,
Of the shamrock of Erin, and olive of
Spain.
God prosper the cause—oh ! it cannot
but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is
alive,
Its devotion to feel and its rights to
maintain ;
Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs
will die,
The finger of glory shall point where they
lie,
While, far from the footstep of coward or
slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter
their grave,
Beneath shamrocks of Erin and olives of
Spain.

EPICRAM ON THE FUNERALS OF LORD NELSON
AND THE HON. W. PITT, ADDRESSED TO BO-
NAPARTE.

BY GENERAL FITZPATRICK.

FROWN not at funeral honours paid to
him,
Who oft has beat thy fleet,
Since the same pomp awaits on Pitt,
Whose blunders made thee great.

ANCIENT LITERATURE.

The comparative authenticity of Tacitus and Suetonius, illustrated by the question, "Whether Nero was the Author of the Memorable Conflagration at Rome?" By Arthur Browne, LL.D. S.F.T.C.D. and M.R.I.A.

SO much has been said of the candour of Suetonius, and of his work being the most accurate narration extant of the lives of the Emperors, that it is worth the pains to inquire how far these praises are due. Others are said to have been actuated by hatred, or slaves to adulation; he is represented alone as fair and uninfluenced.* For my own part I so much

differ from this opinion, that I have ever considered the rank allotted to Suetonius, in the scale of historical merit, as elevated much beyond his deserts. I am not inclined to trust either his candour or his accuracy, particularly when opposed to, or compared with his rival historian. We are accustomed, I know not how, at an early age, from cotemporary studies, to unite the names of cotemporary historians, and from thence perhaps insensibly to infer a similarity of excellence. The authors perused treat of the same facts, they are read at the same time, and the mind is yet too young for accurate discrimination. May not such associations have had some effect with respect to Suetonius and Tacitus? But the exercise of maturer judgment readily

* See the encomiums collected by Pitiscus, in the preface to his edition of Suetonius.